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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was the only child of James V., of Scotland, and his wife, Mary of Guise.

Nothing could be sadder than the circumstances in which she was born. Her father died a few days after her birth, disappointed, discouraged and heart-broken.

No wonder that he trembled for his child. There was not in Europe a fiercer race of nobles than those who were now left without any one to hold them in check, tearing our poor country of Scotland in pieces among them. And though there was then rising up a force which was strong enough eventually to make head against the nobles—the force of religion and of the people, whom the new movement of the Reformation roused everywhere—yet that force was never to be friendly to the young princess who was brought up a Roman Catholic.

Mary was born at Linlithgow on the 7th of December, 1542, and in September of the next year she was crowned, the poor baby, about nine months old. The child was crowned, not for her own sake, as you may suppose, but in order that contending statesmen might exercise power in her name. As the fighting and struggles continued, she was taken to a convent of Augustinian nuns on the secluded and beautiful little island of Inchmahoue.

After this she was sent to France, to be out of harm's way, and also because she was betrothed to the Dauphin, which, you know, was the title borne by the heir to the French throne, just as the heir of England is called the Prince of Wales.

The French court was then about the most splendid place in the world—more gay, more grand, more stately and beautiful than any other. Mary received what we should call the very best education there.

You have all heard how very beautiful she was—one of the famous beauties of the world. But, I think, from her pictures, that it was not mere beauty that Mary had. According to all the portraits, there was a great family resemblance between her and her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, whom nobody ever supposed to be beautiful. What Mary had, beside her beautiful eyes, and her luxuriant hair, and the features which have been so often praised, was such a charm of sweet manners and looks, and grave and lovely ways, as made her beautiful and charming to everybody who came near her. I think it was this that made Mary Stuart so beautiful that nobody could resist her.

She was married to the Dauphin in 1558, when she was sixteen, and in little more than a year after, her husband, Francis II., succeeded his father on the throne, and the young Scots queen became also Queen of France. In the same year in which Mary was married, Mary Tudor, her cousin, the Queen of England, so often called "Bloody Mary," died, and in the opinion of all good Catholics Mary Stuart was her lawful heir, for Elizabeth, who actually succeeded to the throne of England, was the daughter of Annie Boleyn, whom Henry VIII. had married when his first wife was still alive.

But this merry, splendid life did not last long. In less than three years after their marriage, young King Francis died, and Mary's sorrows began.

There can be no doubt that Mary Stuart really believed herself to be the rightful heir. Her favorite device, when she was at the head of the gay and splendid court of France, was the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto of "*Alianeque moratur*," which may be translated, "Waiting for another."

Another king ascended the throne, and all the courtiers who had worshipped and served her began to serve and worship their new monarch, and Mary turned her eyes over the sea to her own northern kingdom, the only place she had now a right to, and which was her natural home. She was not then nineteen, a widow, her mother just dead, her relations all *left behind*, and nobody to welcome her to the cold and frowning shores to which she was bound.

The world knew nothing then of what we call toleration nowadays. That is one of the good things of which, three hundred years ago, people had no idea. A Roman Catholic thought then that it was his duty, if he had it in his power, to make everybody go to mass, and to burn those who would not; and the Protestant believed that it was his duty to prevent people from going to mass, to compel them to go and hear a sermon *instead*, or, if they would not, to banish them and put them in prison. When Mary had *mass* said in her chapel, which was the only divine worship she understood, there was an uproar and almost a riot.

Amid all the bitter conflict that followed, Mary, hearing much of John Knox, who was the chief of the Reformers, sent for him, thinking that her smiles could subdue him, or her arguments, though she was so young and inexperienced, convince him. But she did not convince him, as you may suppose; and he spoke to her so seriously, so sternly some people think, that he made the beautiful young queen weep. But Mary was as firm in her way of thinking as Knox in his, and neither of them did much good, nor much harm, to the other, and though she was a Papist, which they did not love, this beautiful, brave, smiling young queen won the heart of her people. For four or five years, Scotland, fighting fiercely all the time within herself, and torn in pieces by perpetual conflicts, was yet unanimous in a tender admiration for her queen.

In Holyrood and other royal castles and palaces, scattered over the country, Mary lived a life more free, more simple, but not less gay, than that which she lived in France.

But amid all these gayeties, Mary did not forget that she was a queen, and she took her own way in politics as well as in her life. She would not give over her dancing and music and merry evenings, as John Knox required; nor would she quarrel with Queen Elizabeth, as her uncles in France urged her to do.

And in the matter of her marriage, Mary again acted for herself. A queen cannot wait to be asked in marriage, like

(*Continued on 8th page.*)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

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THE INVISIBLE TOUCH.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

The morning had been full of worry and vexation, and it was not much wonder that little Mrs. Marlow sighed wearily as she gave the finishing touch to the bright, cosey living-room and took up the half-made garment she had laid aside the night before. It was a boy's jacket and her delicate fingers had never been used to such coarse work, but in spite of the financial reverses that had made it necessary to dismiss the servants, boys' clothes would wear out, and in addition to her household cares she had taken up the heavy burden of the family sewing.

But it was not overwork alone that rasped this mother's nerves; it was worry, worry, not only over her husband's reverses, that made him so silent and preoccupied and left her almost companionless in her arduous labors; but Ben, their eldest-born, the bright boy who had given such promise of future usefulness, had fallen in with dissolute companions, and more than once he had returned home with a dangerous light in his eyes and the unmistakable perfume of wine upon his breath.

"O God," she cried, "my burden is greater than I can bear!" For a few minutes she gave herself to bitter weeping; then resolutely drying her tears, she again took up her task, but the sight of her neglected Bible upon the window near her rose up as a swift witness against her. Opening it now at random, her eyes fell upon these words, "Jesus himself drew near and went with them." A sudden realization of the presence of the invisible Saviour filled her with inexpressible joy.

If He cared for the sorrows of his disciples while he was upon earth, he would not leave her to suffer alone, even though she were one of the despised little ones. Jesus drew near them and went with them, and he was near to her and would go with her and strengthen her for all her trials. With a prayer of thanksgiving upon her lips for the timely aid he had vouchsafed, she left the burden that had fallen from her shoulders at the foot of the cross and with a song in her heart resolved to make a cheerful home for her Christless husband and godless son.

After that the whirr of the machine seemed like music in her ears, and the work progressed as if by magic under her skilful fingers. All anxious care and worry were gone, and in their place that peace that passeth understanding reigned supreme. His strength, not hers, would be sufficient for all future trials and heart-throbs. Both husband and children caught the infection of the sunshiny, restful spirit that pervaded the home when they returned to luncheon.

"You have good news, my dear," the husband said as he took her hand at parting. "Can you see a way out of the darkness?"

"The very best of news, my beloved, and the shadows have all flown away," she answered with a thrill of gladness.

With breathless interest he waited for the revelation of the secret that had wrought such a marvellous change on the woman who stood by his side. For a moment she hesitated. How could she lay bare her heart to a man who knew nothing of the power of the love that had transformed her very being? But Jesus was with her, strengthening her, and the short, sweet story of her triumph fell upon his ears like oil upon the troubled water.

Instead of a shade of disappointment clouding his face, he looked up with shining eyes and said brightly, "I am so glad, Anna, that you have found a resting-place. In these troublesome days I have so longed for a refuge from the storm, but when your religion failed you I doubted its sustaining power, for I had all faith in you; but now I feel as though an angel had suddenly appeared unto me, strengthening me."

Bowing her head in silent prayer for a moment, Mrs. Marlow went back to her work with new impressions of duty staring her in the face. She trembled when she thought of how near she had come to making shipwreck of her husband's faith, and that night the home was so cheery that even Ben forgot his appointment at the club.

Though the dear old home was exchanged for a little four-roomed cottage in order that every creditor might have his own, it was the most blessed spot on earth, for a happy mother was there and she was rich in her loved ones who in the days of adversity had learned to consider.

"I can see it all now," she said, "how everything works together for good to those who love God; and I would not have the ordering of my life in my own hands, for I would be continually making mistakes that could never be rectified."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

AN EIGHTH DAY NEEDED.

There are many dangers that beset any one coming out to the West to find a home. In the first place the ways of living are simpler, and work must be done which, at home, would be left to others. Many a family feels ashamed to go to church or Sabbath-school, as was the custom "back East," because the members cannot dress and give as they once could. They say to themselves: "We will wait until we are a little better fixed." The time never comes, in many cases, when they are so "fixed" that they resume the old habit. Carelessness and indifference soon take the empty place in the heart. A good deal of the loud-mouthed, ignorant infidelity of the West is, I am persuaded, the attempt to defend to the conscience the relapse that had its origin in grounds far from intellectual. The love of gain and speculation has also a wonderful hold on many here. Money is the one good and the one god. As money is the one road to power, it is often sought with an absorbing anxiety that has no diversion in society, pleasure, music, or even politics. In our free, broad, hearty West there is great danger of narrowness. The activities of life have fewer channels, and time seems to grow scarcer as we go West. A little girl not long ago, nor very far from this, heard her mamma read the account in Genesis of God's making the world and resting on the seventh day. She thought a little while, and then, looking up, asked: "Mamma, wasn't that long ago?" "Yes, dear." "Well, mamma, I'se goin' to ask Dod to make an eighth day now for papa to go to church in." A good many in the West are sadly in need of an eighth day to go to church in.—*Rev. J. C. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

TELL ME, what would you think if your wife left you to take care of the house and put your baby to bed, and went off down to the saloon to spend her time and money there while you were suffering for the need of it, and then came home to curse and beat you? You would be horrified at the idea, but let me tell you, my friend, vice is never respectable because it wears breeches.—*Finch.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—June 13.

JESUS THE CHRIST.—John 7: 37-52.

COMMIT VERSES 43-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The words and the works of Jesus show him to be the Messiah.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 7: 1-13.
T. John 7: 14-31.
W. John 7: 35-52.
Th. Lev. 23: 33-31.
F. Num. 20: 1-13.
Sa. Isa. 44: 3; 55: 1; 58: 11.
Su. Joel 2: 25, 29; 3: 18.

TIME.—Oct. 17, A. D. 29. Six months after our last lesson, at the feast of Tabernacles.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the court of the temple.

JESUS.—Nearly 33 years old, six months before his crucifixion.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt., chaps. 15-18; Mark, chaps. 7-9; Luke 9: 18-50, record the events *between the last lesson and this.*

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus after spending a year and a half in Galilee goes to Jerusalem to the feast of the Tabernacles. He suddenly appears in the temple during the feast, and teaches the multitudes.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES: was a thanksgiving feast, and also commemorated the forty years' wanderings in the wilderness (Lev 23: 33-41; Ex. 23: 16). It was the most joyous of the feasts. 37. IN THE LAST DAY: the seventh. One of the ceremonies at this feast was the drawing water in a golden pitcher from the pool of Siloam, and pouring it on the altar. It was done with a great procession. It was just after this, in a pause of the ceremonies, that Jesus probably spoke. THIRST: in his soul. Men thirst for God, for life, for pardon, for goodness, for comfort, for a better life, for a noble object of living, for love, for friendship, for eternal life. COME UNTO ME: all these thirsts are satisfied in Jesus. 38. OUT OF HIS BELLY: his heart. SHALL FLOW: the good is for others and not self alone. RIVERS: denoting abundance, 39. HOLY GHOST NOT GIVEN; in the abundance of which characterized the new dispensation. See day of Pentecost. JESUS GLORIFIED: by *his atonement, resurrection, and ascension on* the right hand of God. 40. THE PROPHET: Deut. 18: 15. 41. THE CHRIST: the Anointed, the Messiah. 52. OUT OF GALILEE NO PROPHET: not true; Jonah was from Galilee (2 Kings 14: 25), probably Elijah (1 Kings 17: 1), and Nahum (1: 1).

LEARN BY HEART vs. 37, 38; Isa. 55: 1-3.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes *between this lesson and the last?* Where did Jesus spend this time? What were some of the chief events? Where are they recorded?

SUBJECT: JESUS SHOWN TO BE THE MESSIAH.

I. THE SCENE AT THE FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES.—To what feast did Jesus go? (John 7: 2, 10.) Where was it celebrated? Give some account of this feast. (Lev. 23: 33-44.) Describe the ceremony of bringing water from the pool of Siloam.

Give a fuller description of this ceremony, and of the last day of this feast.

II. JESUS SHOWN *TO BE THE MESSIAH* BECAUSE HE ALONE GIVES THE LIVING WATER (vs. 37-39).—Where was Jesus on the last day of the feast? (John 7: 14.) What ceremony had He probably just witnessed? Of what was it a symbol? (Num. 20: 1-12. 1 Cor. 10: 4.) What did Jesus proclaim to the people? Could any mere man say this with truth? What is meant *by thirst here? For what do people thirst?* Can anything in this world satisfy the thirsts of the soul? How does Jesus satisfy them?

What is it to come to Jesus? What promise did He make to those who believed on Him? What is meant by living water? How does it flow from Christians? Why is it spoken of as "rivers"? In what respects is the gift of the Holy Spirit like living water? Where was this fulfilled? (Acts 2: 1-18.)

III. BY THE VERY OBJECTIONS BROUGHT AGAINST HIM (vs. 40-44).—What discussion arose among the people? Why did some think He was the Messiah? What objection did some make? Did Jesus fulfil these scriptures? (Matt. 2: 1-8. Acts 2: 22-32.)

IV. BY HIS MESSAGE TO MEN (vs. 45-52).—Who had been sent to arrest Jesus? (John 7: 32.) Did they succeed? Why not? What was their report of Jesus? In what respects did Jesus speak differently from other men? How did Nicodemus defend Jesus? What have you read of Nicodemus before?

What kind of arguments did the Pharisees use? Do sneers ever help the truth? Were the rulers inconsistent? Is this usually true of those who argue against Christianity? Was Nicodemus a true disciple? Was he growing nearer to it? Did it require special courage for him to do as he did?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. All have thirsts of the soul which this world cannot satisfy.

II. Among these thirsts are the longing for life, love, comfort, pardon, goodness, a life worth living, happiness, heaven, God.

III. Jesus Christ can satisfy these thirsts.

IV. The living water is pure, refreshing, abundant, life-giving, cleansing, free, abiding, flowing to others.

V. Those who have this living water love to impart it to others.

VI. Jesus speaks as never man spoke, (1) as to truth, (2) with the authority of one who knows, (3) in the best manner, (4) accompanied by the Holy Spirit.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 20.

JESUS AND ABRAHAM.—John 8: 31-38, 44-59.

COMMIT VERSES 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day and he saw it, and was glad.—John 8: 56.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus gives true freedom to his disciples.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 8: 1-30.
T. John 8: 31-45.
W. John 8: 47-59.
Th. Gal. 4: 1-31.
F. Gal. 5: 1-26.
Sa. Rom. 8: 1-21.
Su. 1 John 2: 1-17.

TIME.—The next day after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in one of the temple courts.

INTRODUCTION.—Jesus returned to the temple the next day after our last lesson (8: 2), where crowds still assembled, and taught first in the court of the women where the treasury chests were placed (8: 20), and afterwards in one of the porches around the Court of the Gentiles. Here His words convinced many, and they believed on Him. To some of these He spoke the opening words of the lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

31 DISCIPLES: learners, those who go to school to Christ, taking Him for their teacher, and learning to be good like Jesus. 32. MAKE YOU FREE: from sin, from prejudice, from bad *habits, from fear of punishment, free to do* right. 33. NEVER IN BONDAGE: personally. They were never slaves, though subject to the Roman government. 34. SERVANT: slave. OF SIN: because a sinful heart and sinful habits would not let them do as they wished; as people are sometimes slaves of intemperance. They also had to suffer against their wills. 37. SEEK TO KILL ME: chap. 7: 32-44. 38. SEEN WITH: in heaven. 44. A MURDERER FROM THE BEGINNING: by tempting the human race in Eden he brought death into the world, and so all men die. 48. A SAMARITAN: an enemy of the Jews, who would misjudge them. 51. NEVER SEE DEATH: his existence will never cease. Death to him is but a change from life here to life in heaven. 56. ABRAHAM REJOICED TO SEE MY DAY: in promise, by faith (Gen. 15: 4-6; 22: 16-18). My day refers to the times of the Messiah, the Gospel dispensation. HE SAW IT: in heaven he saw Christ come on earth, as we know Moses and Elijah did (Luke 9: 30; 31). 58. I AM: because he always existed (John 1: 1-3).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go after the last lesson; (Chap. 8: 1.) When did he return to the temple? (8: 2.) Where in the temple did he teach? (8: 20.) What was the result of his teaching? (8: 30.)

SUBJECT: THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

I. THE CHILDREN OF GOD (v. 31).—What did Jesus say to those who believed Him? What is it to continue in His word? Why are none else His disciples? What is a disciple? What qualifications has Jesus as a teacher? What are the lessons to be learned in the school of Christ? (v. 32. Gal. 5: 22, 23. Eph. 4: 13.) Out *of what books does he teach them?* (Ps. 119: 9, 71; 19: 1, 7.

II. THEIR GLORIOUS LIBERTY (vs. 32-37).—What would knowing the truth do for them? What is the freedom here spoken of? What does Paul say of it? (Rom. 8: 15, 21. Gal. 5: 1.) How does the Son make us free? Who does Christ say are slaves? Can you show how this is true?

Do people generally think that to be a Christian is to be free? Why not? Can you show why he only can be free? Describe this freedom. Why cannot those who do wrong be free? Give examples of slavery to bad habits. To past sins or crimes.

III. CHILDREN AND HEIRS (vs. 33, 41-50).—Who was the father of Jesus? What had he seen with him? How did he prove that God was his father? Who did he say was the father of wicked men? How did they prove it? How may we know whether we belong to God? How did the Jews argue against Jesus?

Why do not all believe on Jesus since He speaks the truth? Has anyone ever found any fault in Him? How did Jesus honor His Father?

IV. THEIR TEACHER (vs. 51-58).—What is said of his sinlessness? (v. 46.) What promise did Jesus make to those who believed Him? How did this show His power? How is it true that Christians never die? What did the Jews say to this? How did Jesus show that he was greater than Abraham? What *did Christ mean* by "my day"? When had Abraham seen Christ's day? (Gen. 15: 1-6; 22: 16-18.) What comfort do you obtain from the greatness of Jesus? How does it give confidence in His teaching?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. We prove ourselves true disciples by continuing to study and obey Christ's word.

II. Jesus Christ is a wise, loving teacher, knowing all things.

III. We are to learn in Christ's school to be like Him, holy, true, righteous, loving, and hence fitted to dwell with the saints in heaven.

IV. Christ teaches us out of His word, by His works, his example, the discipline and duties of life.

V. Becoming Christ's disciples gives us true freedom.

VI. This liberty is freedom of Christian action, *freedom from sin, from bad habits, from fears,* from overburdening cares.

VII. We know whose children we are by the family likeness in our characters and actions.

Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where does God promise, for the comfort of those who may be wrongly judged, to make it perfectly clear that they have acted uprightly?

2. Where do we read that the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah was not merely a judgment upon the cities destroyed, but was intended as a warning to the ungodly?

3. Where, in the Old Testament, are we told that God will not only satisfy the needs of those who love and fear Him, but will grant even their desires?

4. Which of the New Testament saints are specially mentioned as having been "righteous before God"; and who is emphatically called "The righteous"?

5. Where are we told, for our comfort, that God's angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to serve the heirs of salvation.

6. On what occasions did angels minister to Jesus in the days of His weakness here below?

EASY SCRIPTURE BIOGRAPHY—WHO WAS HE?

A man of God.
He was of Gilead.
He dwelt by the brook Cherith.
He left Cherith, and went to Zarephath.
A widow woman sustained him, whose son he raised to life.
He repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.
He consecrated the altars to the Lord.
He slew the prophets of Baal.
He went forty days without food.
He prophesied before Ahab, king of Israel.
He dwelt in a cave.
He divided the waters of the Jordan.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

EASY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.—1. Apes, peacocks, Solomon. 2. Camels, Rebekah. 3. Dog, Hazael. 4. Bears, Elisha. 5. Horses, Solomon. 6. Foxes, Samson. 7. Lamb, Isaac. 8. Dove, Noah. 9. Quails, Israelites. 10. Mice, Philistines. 11. Bats and moles, Repentant idolators. 12. Bullock, Aaron. 13. Ram, Abraham. 14. Unicorn, Job. 15. Bear, lion, sheep, lamb, David. 16. Whale, Jonah. 17. Eagle, Edomites. 18. Ox, Enemy. 19. Wolves, False prophets. 20. Scapegoat, High priest. 21. Raven, Noah.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.—
1. Zechariah.
2 and 3. Zech. viii. 3.
4. Ezra v. 1.
5. Zech. xi. 12.
6. Zech. ix. 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, Albert Jesse French, Jennie Lyght.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WEAK MOTHER.

One evening I went out to tea, and shortly after my arrival at the house of my hostess, her two little boys, Frank and Cecil, came into the parlor. They were handsome, sturdy little fellows, and won my admiration at once. We were scarcely seated at table before Cecil, who was two and a half years of age, began to beg for some strawberries from a large glass dish near him.

"You must eat something else first, darling," said his mother. "Papa will give you a piece of nice fried chicken."

"I don't want chicken. I won't have chicken. I want some berries," screamed the child.

"But the chicken—" began Mrs. B.

She was interrupted by a crash of china. The child had seized a teacup from the waiter before his mother and thrown it violently to the floor, where it lay shivered into twenty pieces.

"Cecil, why! I am ashamed of you," said Mrs. B— "and before company, too. If you can't behave better than this you will have to eat in the kitchen with Nora. There, don't cry now. Here are the berries, though such a naughty boy don't deserve anything half so good."

In the parlor, an hour later, when Frank teased for a handsome photographic album on the centre-table, it was given to him without remonstrance and he employed himself in rubbing his hands over each photograph in turn.

"I suppose some people would say I was weak in the government of my children," said Mrs. B—, "but I can't bear to hear them cry, and I don't want them to fly into tempers. I try to avoid that at all hazards."

"Don't you think it possible to teach them self-government from infancy?" I asked. "You know the old adage of 'line upon line, precept upon precept.' The position of a mother is one of grave responsibility, she moulds—"

Mrs. B— interrupted me with a merry laugh.

"You talk as if you had brought up a regiment of children," she said. "Wait until you can speak from experience. The views of a looker-on are not worth anything, my dear."

Well, it is just possible she may have been right, and as there are doubtless many who will agree with her, I won't run the risk of being snubbed. I will keep my views to myself.—*Standard.*

THE EASIEST WAY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Several summers ago I spent the month of June at the house of a friend of my early youth. She was happily married, and lived in a handsome house in a pleasant country town where she knew everybody, and everybody knew her. She was thought, when we went to school together, to be almost too amiable for her own good, and I found her little changed after a lapse of ten years. "The easiest way" was always the way down which Charlotte's steps turned. She avoided the stones and thorns in her path whenever such avoidance was possible, utterly heedless that in so doing she was perhaps laying up sorrow and disappointment for her later years. Like many others she found it easier to yield than to insist.

She had three children, and I soon found food for thought in the manner in which she governed them—though the government was simply a name. It had no substance or reality. At all hours of the day these children were teasing for sweets, and they never teazed in vain, though at first Charlotte invariably refused any such request.

"I don't like to have you children stuffing between meals," she would say. "It isn't good for you. If you don't believe me, ask the doctor about it."

"Oh, mamma, please just one cookie," from Tom.

"Only one, mamma," from Harry, who always looked just ready to burst into a prolonged howl.

"We're so hungry, mamma," little Ruth would chime in. "Please just one cookie."

"Well, get one apiece, and don't ask me for another thing to-day," Charlotte would say, and then turning to me would add, "It is easier to let them have the cookies than to argue the matter any longer. Children are born teazers."

This scene was of almost hourly occurrence. If it wasn't a cookie, it was loaf sugar, or bread and jelly, or sugar and crackers. I used to wonder how many pounds of sugar Charlotte was obliged to order every week. At table the children ate what they pleased, with seldom even a suggestion from their mother.

One evening at supper, Tom, the eldest of the three, reached for a piece of fruit-cake.

"That is very rich, Tom, you had better confine yourself to sponge cake to-night, my boy! you know you have been under the weather all day," said his father.

Tom began to pout at once.

"I don't like sponge cake," he said in a surly tone, "and I don't feel much sick, now. Mamma, can't I have some fruit-cake?"

"I don't believe a little piece would hurt him, Phil," said Charlotte, looking toward her husband, "and I would rather run the risk than have a fuss about it."

So master Tom ate his piece of fruit cake, and a few hours later Phil went tearing down the street for the doctor, and Charlotte sat up all night watching over a very sick child.

Another time, Harry, who was a year younger than Tom, wanted to continue a game of ball in the yard in spite of the fact that it had begun to rain. Charlotte called him in, and he threw himself on the floor of the sitting room, fretted, kicked, cried, and howled until his mother's will gave way.

"Well, go out, then," she said, "but if you catch cold it is your own fault; remember that."

"He will catch cold as a matter of course," I said, as the child left the room. "You ought to have been firm, Charlotte. He will probably have the croup to-night."

"Of course I ought to have been firm," was the reply, "but I couldn't stand his howling any longer. Children are a dreadful trial. You ought to be thankful you have none."

My prophecy was fulfilled. Harry was seized with the croup just before midnight, and for hours his life hung in the balance.

These are only a few of the incidents that served to set my thoughts toward the subject of the proper management of children; but I discovered that Charlotte was not the only woman in that town who chose the "easiest way."—*Standard.*

IN BEHALF OF LITTLE GIRLS.

"Mamma, can't I do this?"

"Oh! no, dear," in horrified accents.

"But, mamma, Tom does, and I want to. Why can't I, mamma?"

"Why, my dear, Tom is a boy. Little boys can do lots of things that it isn't nice for little girls to do, you know."

And this system, often begun in very infancy, is followed out till the girl grows up into womanhood, either accepting her trammels as a matter of course, or chafing vainly all the way along, envying her brothers, cherishing a deep-seated grudge against old Dame Nature, and having the thought which one girl at least expressed when she said: "I fairly hate myself for having been born a girl!" Girls in heathen lands may well feel this, but when girls in enlightened Christian countries feel so, some thing in their training is awry.

Now, while it is true that a large girl in many respects cannot do as a large boy does, and usually has no desire to, it is also equally true (with the exceptions admitted to all rules) that a little girl can do almost exactly what a little boy can, and she usually wants to; and, further, if allowed to, she generally will do it. If mothers will guide instead of thwart this tendency, it will be vastly to the benefit of their girls, and not at all to the injury of their boys. There would seem to be no good reason why the training and education of girls and of boys should not be essentially identical up to a certain age. Be not in too great a hurry to impose upon your little girl the burden of her sex. She comes into the world a little, happy, free human being, caring not at all whether she is a boy or a girl, so long as her divine and inalienable rights of food, love, and a good time generally are not denied to her. God gives her life; do not you, because she is a girl, curtail her liberty or forbid her the pursuit of happiness in her own and nature's way. Things that are "nice" for a boy are "nice" for his sister while both are little children. Things that are "proper" for a healthy, active girl are usually just as "proper" for a healthy, active boy. It is a mistaken notion that certain roughnesses, a certain disregard of the proprieties, a certain boisterous liberty, may be allowed to our boys, because they are boys, when they are not permissible to our girls.

Would we have our girls rough and boisterous, then? By no means. And just as little should we have our boys so. But we would have our boys strong, athletic, *fond of exercise*; we would let them run and climb, and even shout, if the exuberance of their spirits demanded it—all in the proper time and place. We should not deny the same privileges to our girls, so far as their strength allows them to take them. Some forms of exercise, to be sure, such as jumping rope, running up and down stairs, *and the like, are to be deprecated for girls.* Many mothers and physicians think them not desirable for boys. But if a girl goes fishing with her brother; if she can walk as unweariedly; if she can climb a tree with as monkey-like facility; if she can drive a nail straight without detriment to her fingers, and has a Yankee dexterity with a jack-knife, *if in shooting she does not have to aim behind her to hit something in front of her*—then she is both a useful and a happy girl. She is laying up strength against the evil days to come when so many women helplessly capitulate to their "nerves." She is keeping her brother in a purer and more refining companionship than any afforded by *the rough village boys.*—*Lucy White Palmer, in Babyhood.*

RENOVATING OLD FURNITURE.

Furniture that has become defaced with white spots and slight scratches, can, with little labor, be made to appear almost as good as when new.

An old and handsome mahogany dressing bureau, which had become badly defaced with white spots and slight scratches, was restored to its pristine beauty by the following means: I got a basin of clean, hot suds, and one of clean, clear hot water, and some clean cloths. I washed a portion of the bureau with the hot suds, and rinsed it with the clear water, and with a dry cloth rubbed it until dry. The whole surface of the bureau was gone over thus, a portion at a time, and when it had become quite dry I poured a little alcohol over a few of the spots and rubbed with a clean cloth until dry; indeed, I used the alcohol over the whole surface of the bureau, going over a small space at a time, and *rubbing it rapidly.* Places that were very bad received a second application of alcohol. The next day a coat of copal varnish was applied, and the bureau appeared as handsome as ever.

Almost any kind of old furniture can be treated this way, and if one has not the varnish, a *little flaxseed oil can be rubbed over it.* If after the washing your piece of furniture appears greyish or whitish, do not think you have ruined it and become discouraged, for the alcohol and varnish will restore it completely.

Perhaps it would be well enough to try the experiment on some old or disused article, if *one is apprehensive as to the results,* but I have gone over several articles of furniture as above, and always with the most satisfactory results.—*Household.*

RECIPES.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one teacup of brown sugar, one half-cup of molasses, *one-half tablespoonful of butter,* one-half cup of sour cream, one half-teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour till stiff enough. Bake in a moderate oven.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them wonderfully. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away two or three years.

RICE OR HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups of cold boiled rice or hominy, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one half-teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg and a little more than one half-pint of milk. Dilute the rice with the beaten egg and milk, add the flour, sugar, salt and powder, mix into a smooth batter, and bake on a well heated griddle. Serve with syrup.

LEMON PIE.—For one pie take one lemon, one cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of butter, and one-half cup of water. Take part of the water and put on to heat. When boiling stir in the above mixture, and use the rest of the water to rinse out the dish. The icing is made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown it nicely in the oven, and don't bake the crust before putting the custard in.

DOUGHNUTS.—Four eggs, nine ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. For this quantity I use one-half a nutmeg grated, or a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, whichever is liked best. Put the ingredients in a pan, beat until light, have flour in a tray ready, then pour the mixture in, and work into a dough stiff enough to work with, without its sticking much to the fingers. I roll it from the main piece perfectly round, half size of a finger, then loop into rings, twists, etc.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Prepare the stalks as for pies, cover the bottom of a buttered pudding dish with slices of bread and butter, cover with the rhubarb cut into short pieces, sprinkle abundantly with sugar, then put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until your dish is full. Cover and steam while baking for half an hour. Remove the lid and bake ten minutes or until browned. Serve hot. I sometimes use sliced apple instead of rhubarb and add a little water.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—We make a sort of sally-lunn, or breakfast cake, which is very nice. We call it a "breakfast" cake, although it makes a frequent appearance at our tea table, and often does duty as dessert, with canned or fresh fruits. Three cupfuls of flour, one scant tablespoonful of butter, warmed enough to soften it, one egg well beaten, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as one likes best, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, which should be mixed thoroughly with the flour. Mix the beaten egg, milk, butter and salt together, *and stir the flour in rapidly. When the batter is smooth, pour into a long biscuit tin,* well buttered, and bake *in a quick oven about twenty minutes.* When done, mark the crust with a warmed knife, and break the cake in pieces. It should never be cut, neither should any warm cake.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

You'll find me in the harbor
You'll find me at an inn;
I'm made of such materials
As iron, brass, or tin.
You'll find me in a prison,
And in a court-room, too,
Where prisoners are catechised
To find out what is true.

Now look amongst your music;
You're sure to find me there;
And yet men put me in a cage,
Which I think most unfair.
Though in so many places,
I'm quite a little word,
Which all of you, I am full sure,
Have very often heard.

INITIALS.

The initials of the names required spell the name of a bird whose time of appearing is said to be the tenth of May.

A bird whose name includes another bird.
The "razor-billed" bird.
Bird whose name includes a small animal.
Bird whose name includes a large animal.
Bird that once received divine honors.
Bird of the nightingale family whose name comprises a color and a beginning.
Bird so named for its military head-dress.

CHARADE.

My first is craved by all the earth;
Men hail my second with delight;
Long years ago my whole had birth,
Yet lives to-day, a solemn rite.

CURTAILMENTS.

Curtail the port to which Paul sailed from Ephesus, and leave *to murmur as a dove.*

Curtail a resinous substance produced on the banyan tree, and leave the musical tone called A.

The town where James I. was assassinated, and leave impertinent.

A famous Danish adventurer of the ninth century, and leave a scroll.

A precious stone carved in relief, and leave a leaden rod used by glaziers.

A lengthened utterance of the voice, and leave to haul.

Apparent, and leave above.

An open passage in a forest, and leave well contented.

An animal once eaten in England on festive occasions, and leave a snake.

A magic spell, and leave work done by the day.

Place the curtailed letters in order, and find what children are glad to take leave of in June.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Dande (y) lion.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Dash. 2. Aloe. 3. Sour. 4. Herd.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P ro P
E l l
T ri P
E ri E
R on R

RIDDLE.

Plainness that hath beauty's grace,
Is an aged mother's face;
Strength, that is of weakness part,
Is a true wife's tender heart;
Labor, not for duty done,
Is the work for love alone;
The sweetest song, it hath not half
The music of a baby's laugh;
Loss, that is but gaining more,
Is the giving to the poor;
Wrong, which not of wrong partakes,
Is the error mercy makes;
And the land (of number seven)
Not of earth, must be of Heaven.
The age, more ancient than the sun,
Yet ever new, has scarce begun,
Is not of time, as all can see,
But is of all eternity.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, Bertie E. Terry and Walker Wilcox.

The Family Circle.

PUT HEART IN IT, DEAR.

Is the lesson so hard? are the problemsso deep?
Is the old hill of learning so thorny and steep
That the frown on your forehead is coming
again,
A frown, Willie darling, that gives mother pain?
Let me whisper a charm, Willie boy, in your ear:
To conquer hard lessons put heart in them, dear.

You hate the piano, this weary strum, tum,
Though you're ever so happy outdoors with a
drum,
But practising daily, and taking such care
That each little note is struck fully and fair
Makes you cross and discouraged. My Willie,
come here,
Let me give you my secret: put heart in it, dear.

The temper which trips you and gives you a fall
When you mean to be gentle and loving to all,
That sends naughty words to the gate of the
lips,
And shadows your face with an ugly eclipse—
Ask Jesus to help you, and, Willie, don't fear,
You will win in the conflict: put heart in it, dear.

A thing done by half, child, is always half-done;
A shame to be seen under God's faithful sun,
That sets us its beautiful pattern of work,
Without loiter or hurry or stopping to shirk,
While sunshine reminds you, so brave and so
clear,
Whatever your task be, put heart in it, dear.

If you weed in the garden or go for the mail,
Feed Ponto or Brindle, let none see you fail
In any small duty, but loyal and true,
Let father and mother depend upon you,
And this is my counsel, worth stopping to hear,
Worth treasuring, Willie: put heart in it, dear.

Put heart in the work, and put heart in the play:
Step on like a soldier, though rough be the way;
Laugh gayly at trials, and never retreat;
If your case be a right one, disdain a defeat.
Pray always, and then, marching forth full of
cheer,
In strife or in labor, put heart in it, dear.
—*Congregationalist.*

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

Fred was such a genial, social fellow, no wonder that a rather questionable crowd of hail-fellows was always at his heels. His immense influence made him a favorite with the local politicians, who courted and flattered and quite spoiled him, finally inducing him to go into politics on his own account. And then it was worse than ever.

Instead of sticking to his office and working up his practice, he spent the most of his time with "the boys." I sometimes suggested that no business man could ever have a particle of confidence in him so long as he kept such company; for who wants to hunt up legal advice in saloons or club-rooms? or how many clients can a man retain if he is never in his office to attend to them?

His invariable reply to these remonstrances was: "Just wait until the campaign is through. I must hold on to the boys until after the election. I don't like them any better than you do, but in politics every man is a unit; reputable or disreputable his vote counts one. No, no! I can't afford to stand clear of the boys just yet."

Well, I waited through two campaigns; but I was poor, just starting, my only capital was my reputation, and I felt I couldn't afford to be in partnership with a street-corner politician any longer—such a man doesn't build up a practice very rapidly. So I withdrew, and came out here to stand alone.

I saw Fred's mother before I left. We had a long talk. She felt badly to have me go, but not any worse than I did, for I thought a great deal of Fred. He was one of those men who somehow manage to get hold of your very heart. But as anxious as Mrs. Hammond was, we had no scene. She spoke of his shadowed reputation and his neglect of business as calmly as though her heart wasn't half broken. And I don't think it was. You see there are women, and women. Some rely on nothing higher than their own weak selves; trouble drives them into tears and despair. Others there are whose minds are stayed upon a sure foundation; calamities never quite crush them, for they, "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Just such a grand, strong woman as that was Mrs. Hammond.

"While I am very sorry that you are leaving," she said, "for with you all restraint seems to be taken away from Fred; yet I am not in utter despair. I feel sure that some safeguard will be provided for him. Though,

"'It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
Yet in some way or other
The Lord will provide.'

And in whatever way he does provide for my boy's salvation, I'm sure it will be done quite as effectually as if you and I could have managed it."

Well, I was glad her faith comforted her, if it didn't me. And so I left, expecting nothing else than that Fred would go to the dogs as fast as he could.

I didn't get back to A—— for the next four years. The first thing I did was to hunt up Fred. I found him in the same place—but such a change! It was as different from our old office as anything you could imagine. I hardly knew it. Changed for the worse, you say? No, sir; that was the queer part of it. You should have seen his law library! I could scarcely believe my own eyes; had half a notion to regard them as unreliable witnesses. Of course I cross-questioned pretty closely, for I was bound to get at the facts of the case. At last he said:

"I don't wonder you are surprised, though you'll be more so when you find out how it all came about. It seems like a childish affair, and yet it was mighty to me. You see that desk over there?" and he pointed to a substantial, walnut article, handsomely finished.

"Yes," I said; "It caught my eye as soon as I came in, and made me think I had mistaken the place; for I supposed you were too poor to indulge in such an elegant piece of office furniture."

"It has a history, I can assure you," Fred continued. "It used to belong to Hargrove. Someway, Benson got hold of this and several other articles, to satisfy an old debt at his place. He expected to be able to dispose of them at private sale, and managed everything but this desk. It proved to be an elephant on his hands. No one wanted the huge thing. It stood there in his saloon for three or four years. Finally he offered it to me at five dollars. I closed on that bargain at once, brought it up here and had it thoroughly cleaned. I was jubilant over my bargain. The next morning, when I unlocked the office, the air was fairly thick. The whole room seemed like a strong, foul-smelling, old clay pipe. I rushed to the windows and threw them up to get a breath of fresh air. All day I shivered between a roaring fire and open windows, yet if I dared to close them I was fairly sick with the vile odor. The next day was no better. I couldn't imagine where it all came from. Finally I got my nose near that desk and discovered the source. A four years' contact with the fumes of tobacco and liquor in Benson's place had literally saturated the solid wood. Well, I couldn't have my office smelling like a fourth-rate saloon, so I stood the thing out in the hall for a couple of months until the weather was warm enough to keep the window open, and after a whole summer of steady ventilation I couldn't notice it. But the odor hasn't entirely departed yet. Of course it isn't strong enough to affect the atmosphere any, but still if you come in close contact with it you detect a faint, sickening smell. I had no idea that any fumes could be ground so into the very grain and fibre of wood. Then I saw why this magnificent piece of furniture had been such a dead weight on Benson's hands. His second-rate customers had no use for it; and his first-class patrons didn't care to have their offices or dwellings smelling like a rum hole. I thought about it a good deal; I couldn't help but think, for it was right before my eyes every day. It seemed to say: 'Wait until you've stood around saloons as long as I have, and nobody will tolerate you. You may have the making of a fine lawyer, you may contain the best of material—so did I.'

"You see it just went on in that strain until I got half desperate. Sometimes I thought I'd cut it up for kindling wood. At last I made up my mind I couldn't be a pot-house politician and a respectable lawyer at the same time. Just then I was nominated for prosecuting attorney. Three months before, I would have jumped at the chance; now I was half sick over it, for that handsome old desk and its vile odor haunted me.

"When I heard my name announced in the convention, I just dragged myself out of my chair, weak as a baby—for I felt it was either lose the election or lose myself—and I said; 'Gentlemen, I thank you; but before I accept, I want you to thoroughly understand that I don't propose conducting this canvass on the old plan. If you choose to elect me, you will elect me for the good, honest work you expect me to do, and not for the amount of beer or whiskey I can pour down your throats. I should like my ability and industry to command your support and votes, but not my liquor bills. I propose leaving them out of this campaign.'

"I thought that finished it, but it didn't. You should have heard them cheer. Nearly everybody was ready to congratulate me. Dozens of men from the other party came to me, saying I was just the man they had been looking for. I was amazed. I found principle was at a premium even in politics. And as for 'the boys,' they just stood by me like brothers. I never dreamed how much respect a dissipated man has for one who honestly endeavors to keep himself straight. I carried the election without any trouble, and ever since then I've been a man and a lawyer, not a tool of rum-sellers and politicians."

You can imagine how Fred's story impressed me. "Isn't this glorious news for your mother!" I asked.

"Oh, bless you! she knows nothing about it. I never mentioned this desk business to anyone but you. There's scores of things a man doesn't care to tell his mother, especially if she's as good a mother as mine."

"But she surely knows how much better you're doing?" I urged.

"I don't believe she does, for she never dreamed how near I came to destruction."

"Fred, old boy, there's one thing you never dreamed of, and that is how your mother's prayers and your mother's faith and your mother's God have saved your erring feet even though they had strayed so very near destruction; they have brought about a train of circumstances which you regard as accidents, when you ought to call them providences."

"Nonsense, man! don't get to preaching. That isn't a lawyer's business. Besides, your argument is illogical. God don't send messengers of grace out of such a place as that old desk came from. Saloons don't preach sermons."

"Yes, they do, when He wills it. His messengers can reach the heart through any channel. His ways are past finding out.

"'It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
But yet in his own way—'

You know the song, Fred?"

"Well, I should think I do. I hear my mother sing it every day."

Fred is a saved man now; not merely so far as business is concerned, but his feet are planted upon the solid rock of God's great love, and he is indeed safe.—*Church and Home.*

MRS. DICKERMAN'S WAY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

In the soft, rosy flush of the twilight, Mrs. Perkins ran in for a little call upon her neighbor, Mrs. Dickerman.

"I am glad to see you," said that gentle-mannered lady. "Please sit here in this low rocker. I am just going through our daily Bible lesson with our children; and we were talking about those precious words, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye may ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.' Deacon Brown was talking about them at the prayer-meeting last evening. You missed a great treat not being there with your children."

"I had to iron," replied Mrs. Perkins, glancing down at the fluted ruffles of her white cambric apron, in striking contrast to the plain, dark print of her neighbor.

"Pardon me, but do you not devote a good deal of time and strength to that ironing? You always look so tired that I cannot help thinking of it when I see your children's spotless and crisp ruffles and frills."

"I am tired," said Mrs. Perkins, "I am always tired, but the children must be kept clean, and the house must be kept clean. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' you know, it says so in the Bible."

"Does it? are you sure?" asked Mrs. Dickerman, looking surprised and puzzled, glancing around at the large sitting-room that certainly was in some disorder, for the children lived in it and were happy in their individual ways. And then looking at the healthy, bright-eyed, fair-faced children themselves, and noting that traces of bread and molasses were visible about their rosy mouths, and that the pinafores were not models of freshness, her brow cleared, and she said: "I must seem to be a very inefficient housewife to all you notable women in this community, but I look at things in a somewhat different way. I am thankful for all the comforts by which I am surrounded, but I cannot live for a house, or for a flower-garden, or for fresh ruffles. God has sent me the children and I must see that the tabernacle of their bodies is kept healthy and wholesome, and that the precious souls that dwell therein are kept fresh and clean from guile. I must look after the garden of their hearts, that no evil seed is sown, and no weeds grow there. I must cultivate their dispositions, helping them to live in the light, allowing no shadow to fall upon them from yesterday, and no cloud to shut out the radiance of to-morrow, and I must store the treasure-house of their minds with useful knowledge. And so, if my plain, material house here is not at all times an example of neatness, I hope to fit the dear children so that they may in a measure be prepared, when they come into their great inheritance—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Do you ever think, my friend, that the people about here care too much for some matters, and too little for other matters?"

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Perkins, resting her head wearily against the back of her chair, "but the fact is they haven't time to think about these matters." And as she went away she pondered over the earnest, kindly words of her gentle neighbor, with a half regret that there were not more mothers like her. The words remained in her heart.

She repeated them to her friends and neighbors, but they bore no fruit, for the ruling spirit that obtained in that locality was for each one of the good housewives and housekeepers to excel her neighbor in material substance and appearance. As time went on and young Mrs. Dickerman developed individuality enough, or rather, had daily grace given her to keep the even tenor of her way, and her children grew to be the best behaved children, the best scholars in the Sunday and secular schools, and the most constant in their attendance, her neighbors had for her an increased respect.

The generality of the children in the neighborhood ran wild, so to speak. The parents and guardians of these little ones owned the houses in which they were domiciled, and they were determined to keep them as tidy and clean as the strong and prevailing spirit of rivalry in that direction would impel them. The great, commodious, airy farmhouses in that lovely country village were paragons of neatness outside and inside. Bright, spic-span rag carpets and rugs covered the floors. Crocheted tidies adorned the chairs, and patchwork and knitted counterpanes smoothly overspread the high, fluffy beds. In fact, the houses were too good to live in.

But Mrs. Dickerman's domicile was open and free. It was the only one on the wide, shady street, in which the sun, summer and winter, was always made welcome. The children romped in the broad hall and in the big "parlor." There were great fires in the open fireplaces in the winter time, but there were no carpets to soil, no delicate and elaborate curtains to smoke. Books and all sorts of good reading abounded. Tasteful and suggestive engravings and water colors hung upon the walls. The love of music was fostered and gratified, botanizing held its stated hours, and pet birds and animals were among the delights of the little ones. What a workshop these children made of the house! As they grew older they kept themselves tidy, although their clothing was always of the plainest kind. The mother, with whom I was well acquainted, has gone home to her heavenly inheritance, but her beautiful memory remains, like a sweet perfume, in the lives of her children, and in the hearts of their old playmates, in which her gentle deeds and sweet words of cheer took root.

Those children of hers! What more need I say of them than that they are all cheerful, hearty, working Christians?

And what of Mrs. Perkins and those other notable women of that neighborhood? We all know too many such, alas! The world is full of them, and of their children, who are leading selfish, superficial lives, idlers in the Lord's vineyard, helping on nothing and nobody worthy, doing nothing to carry on the great work that the Lord Jesus left to be done.—*Christian at Work.*

THE ICE KING AT WORK.

We have seen how water wears away the land in one place to build it up in another, how it carves channels for itself through the solid rock, and builds up new layers of rock out of the ground-up material, but we have not seen all that water can do. In its solid form, as ice, it has had a great part to perform in world-making.

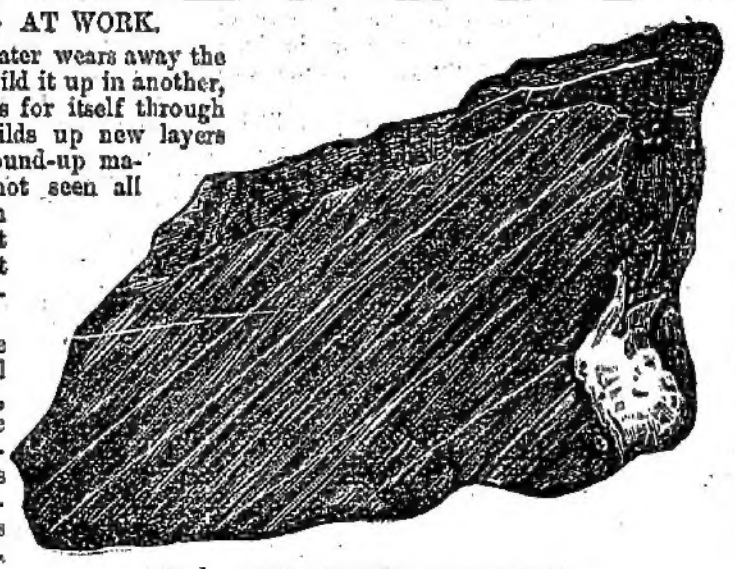

FIG. 1.—ROCK SCRATCHED BY GLACIER.
(From Lyell's "Elements of Geology.")

I am sure you have read of the wonderful glaciers of Switzerland, where, between the rocky sides of a mountain gorge, the ice seems like a great river flowing downward. Glaciers are found in many countries — everywhere, in fact, where the climate and the formation of the land are both favorable. We hear more of Swiss glaciers only because a larger number of people visit and write about Switzerland than about the other countries where they are to be found. Greenland and Alaska have many glaciers quite as wonderful as those of Switzerland.

A glacier is really what it looks like—a river of ice (Fig. 2); and more than that, it is a moving river. It does not seem possible that anything as solid and as brittle as ice could move in this way through an uneven, rough channel, and fill it as a glacier does.

The beginning or source of the glacier is snow packed tightly in a high mountain valley. As we follow its course it gradually changes into a solid mass of whitish ice, scored all over with cracks and crevices, broken up into great masses and blocks of ice on the surface, and covered often with dirt and stones. Finally we come to a place where the weather is warm enough to melt the ice, and then it flows off as a stream of water.

The glaciers had been for a long time under suspicion of moving, but it was not generally believed till a man named Hugi, in 1827, built a hut upon one of them. Each year it was found that the hut was farther down the gorge.

The fact was proved, and people became interested in finding out more about this movement. A row of stakes was set up in the ice, straight across from side to side of the glacier, and two on each bank to mark the starting point. This row of poles, as it moved, did not remain straight; it bent like a bow in the middle, curving out toward the lower end of the glacier, showing that the middle part moved faster than the edge. This is known to be true of an ordinary river: the water rubbing against the banks and against the bottom of its bed is hindered, and moves more slowly than the water in the middle and on top does.

The glacier ice not only moves where the channel is even and smooth, but in some places where the channel narrows and is bordered by great masses of rock the wide sheet of ice squeezes itself through the narrow gorge, piling itself high in mighty blocks in obedience to the tremendous pressure behind. Of course most of this movement is in summer; the advance of the rows of stakes showed this. There are two very wonderful things to be studied out about this—the cause of the movement, and the way it is effected.

First for the cause: that has to be sought in the high and lonely mountain valleys. Each winter, snow piles itself high on the mountain-top; each summer, this snow is softened and made slushy, but not melted entirely. The soft snow sinks and packs, and is pushed down into the easiest channel. The next winter a new weight of snow is added, making a greater pushing force.

On a cold, clear winter's day you have often picked up a handful of snow and tried to make it into a snow-ball, and found that it would not pack; it would crumble up in your hands. By putting a little water on it you can pack it into a hard, partly clear ball.

If moist snow is put in a mould and squeezed, a block of ice the shape of the mould can be made. Your hands cannot press the snow hard enough to make it into ice, but the mould can. Snow is nothing but ice in fine beautiful crystals with air caught in its meshes.

When you squeeze it you press out the air and bring the ice particles near enough together for them to freeze solid. A tiny little bit of water added runs in between the particles of ice and pushes the air out before it, and so helps to make it solid; and when the water too is squeezed out, makes it freeze. Too much is worse than none at all. Each winter's weight of snow lies during the cold weather without doing much, but when the summer warmth begins to soften the snow, it begins to pack, as the moist snowball does, and being a little softened, and pressed by the weight above, to push its way down through some valley. It is hindered in its travels, and being pushed behind and hindered in front, it packs tighter and tighter till we find it, farther down in its bed, a mass of ice. The weight is getting greater and greater behind it with each winter's load of snow, and so the ice is forced down, no matter what is in the way, and the valley is finally filled with the moving river of ice.

The ice is not soft like water, or even mud; how, then, can it fit itself to the channel? That has puzzled a great many wise heads before yours. Ice is one of the brittlest things in the world, but it has a quality that we do not often have occasion to notice. It melts easily, but it also freezes easily. Faraday, one of the greatest men of science in our century, and one of the noblest and simplest men of any time, discovered this quality of ice in a very commonplace way. One hot summer's day, in a restaurant, he noticed some bits of ice floating in a dish of water. The ice was melting, and yet every time two pieces touched they froze together. Tyndall, another great scientist, has explained the movement of glaciers by this simple principle. It was he who found that ice could be crushed out of one shape into another, and that the broken bits froze at once together and made a solid lump, as the snow does. Now glacier ice, underneath the surface, is squeezed in a mould made of its bed and banks and the heavy weight of ice above; the moving part of the ice, which fits itself to the channel-mould is broken and ground up into bits, but these bits being pressed together again, freeze into the new mould that it is pushed into—that is, the new part of the channel—just as Tyndall's ice, which was first squeezed in a round mould, came out a ball, and being squeezed again in a cup-shaped mould, came out a perfect cup of ice.

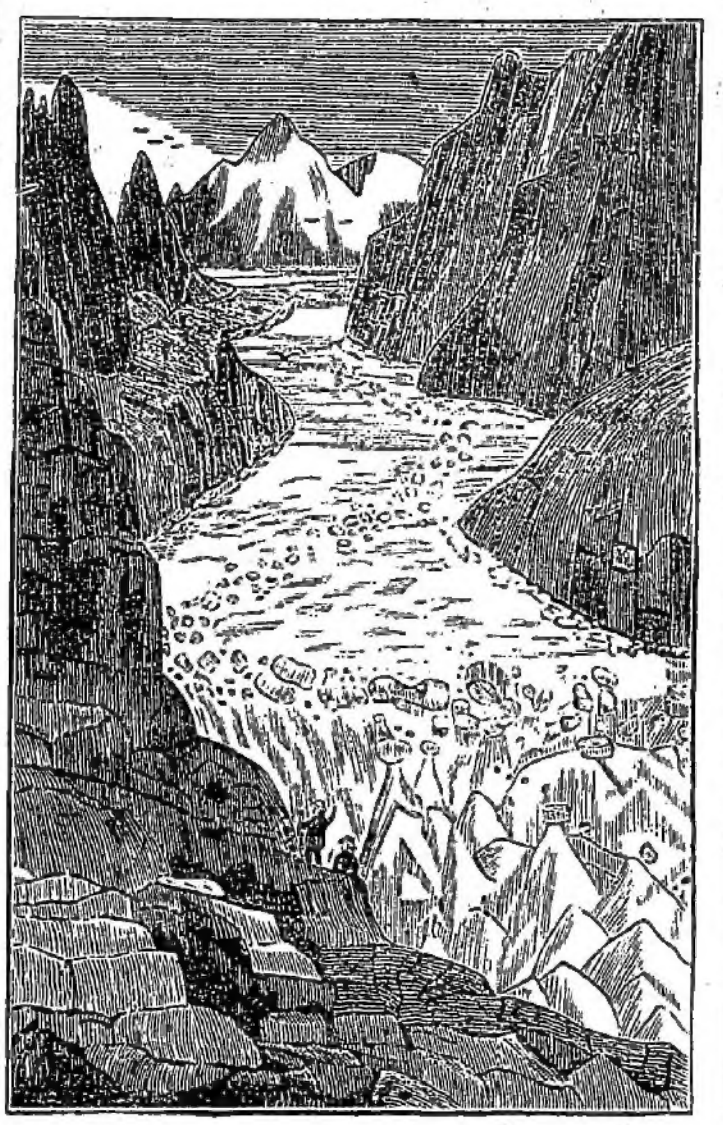

FIG. 2.—A GLACIER.

A glacier moves so slowly that it freezes to fragments of stone in its bed and on its banks, and carries them along with it (Fig. 3), scratching and scoring with them the stones it finds lower down in its channel. Where the end of the glacier melts these bottom stones are left in a curved heap. When from change of climate the glacier ends farther up the slope than it once did, two lines of stones show where the banks were. (Fig. 2.) In the picture you see a line of stones down through the middle of the glacier. These are where two glaciers have joined, and the stones mark the joined edges. These stones are always worn round by the grinding and rubbing they have received, and are called "muttoned" rocks by the French, because at a distance they look like the round backs of a flock of sheep; they are scratched, too, in straight lines. (Fig. 1.)

These glacier signs are very important in studying what the Ice King has done in bringing the earth to its present state. Long before there were any people to write about them, the glaciers were writing little scraps of their history and travels on the stones, as the savages did, and this history we can read to-day.

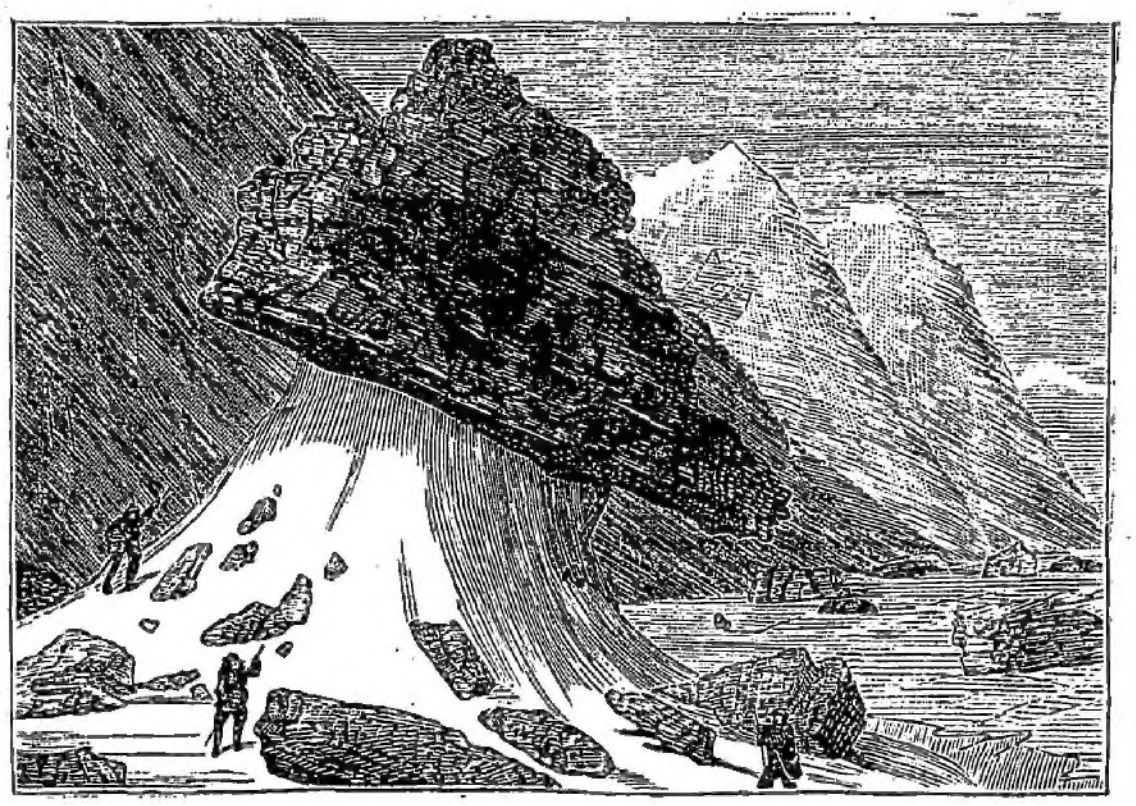

FIG. 3.—TRANSPORTATION OF ROCKS BY GLACIERS.

Sometimes may be seen a very curious effect that the stones have upon the ice, which they protect from the melting rays of the sun. Each block of stone rests upon a pillar of ice of its own making. The stone is like the top and the ice pillar like the central column of a table. (Fig. 3.)

Icebergs, you know, are great floating mountains of ice: as only one-eighth of the iceberg is above water, you can guess how immense some of them are. They are really only the snouts of arctic glaciers which have pushed themselves into the sea without melting, and been broken off by the tides and the waves. When an iceberg gets afloat it sometimes comes as far south as Washington before it is broken up and melted. Usually they melt in the sea, and then rocks are deposited at the sea bottom, but sometimes they run aground, and then on the soil of countries far to the southward arctic rocks are dropped. The icebergs and glaciers of the far past have mixed up things very much in this way.

In Greenland no rain falls—only snow; there are no rivers but ice rivers. A large part of the country is covered by a great sheet of ice, nearly half a mile thick, slowly travelling to the sea, and there launching thousands of icebergs.

Strewed all over the northern part of our continent, over mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, is a layer of glacier stones, scratched and "muttoned," different from the rocks below them, showing that once a sheet of ice covered this country as it now covers Greenland. This broke up into separate glaciers, filling the valleys, as the Hudson and the Susquehanna, till it came to a climate warm enough to melt the ice.

As time went, our part of the earth grew warmer. We do not know why; we only know it was so. The glaciers were driven back to the arctic regions. Our country was no longer a wide barren ice field, but was getting slowly ready for the day when God should command it to blossom as the rose and be a home for His children. —*Harper's Young People.*

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—A school without some sort of library is without one of the best means of interesting children in the habit of reading. Prohibitionists and other agitators of reformatory measures lose sight of the best means to cure existing evils. Let the schools, the churches, and the homes cultivate the taste for pure and wholesome literature, and the future generations will find neither time nor have the inclination for vicious habits. Help to build up good school libraries if you would reform the world.—*Missouri School Journal.*

TO HAVE what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—*Donald Grant.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*

By Pansy.

Mrs. Tucker had in the meantime gone back to her cake, and was now ready to transfer it to the buttered tin which stood waiting to receive it.

The letter was almost finished; there remained only a few words about Baby, how he was growing, how sweet he looked in his new hat, and how he had sent her a picture of his own dear self to wear around her neck, and wanted her to come to the city as soon as ever she could, and have hers taken for Baby to wear. Then came the wonderful closing sentence: "If you will write me a line to let me know when you will come, Baby and I will meet you at the depot with the carriage, then we will have a very happy day together. And I do hope that manly brother of yours will come along to help you, for if you have as many people to care for as you did on your last journey, I am sure you will need help."

"And she never says what it is she has sent!" Mrs. Tucker said when the last word had been read.

"No, ma'am, she doesn't. I think it must be a bird, for what else is there to make a sound that I could take comfort with?"

"I know one thing with which I could take comfort," said Mrs. Tucker with a little sigh, "and it makes a sound, too."

"Mother, what is it?"

"It is a sewing machine, child. I could sew a seam on that in five minutes, which takes me almost an hour, now. But never mind, one of these days you children will get me one, I dare say."

And Karl, though he said not a word, went and looked out of the window, and laid it aside in his heart, that as soon as ever he could, perhaps even before he bought the Geography, he was going to get a sewing machine for his mother.

For the rest of that day, the cake which came out of the oven a golden brown, and did neither fall nor crack, did for all that sink in importance before that wonderful mystery which was to come, and was to be in a box; because the letter had talked about what was in the "smaller box." It took no fortune-teller to assert that of course there must be a larger box in which "it" was to come. The bird theory rather lost ground, because how could a bird travel in a box? It would die; but it certainly was not likely to be a sewing machine, for besides being a very expensive present, it was one not likely to be chosen for a little girl.

Mr. Tucker had a theory which he told his wife had better not be mentioned to Christie, for fear it was not correct and she would be disappointed; but Mrs. Tucker argued that Christie was a very womanly little girl not likely to be greatly disappointed about anything that could not be helped, and that she liked to know about things. So the father brought forward his views.

"I can tell you what it might be, my girl, though, mind, I don't say it is. Did you ever hear of such a thing as an accordion?"

No, Christie never did, but her bright eyes said she was all ready to be told of it.

Then it was brought to light that Mr. Tucker when he was a young man had boarded with a woman whose daughter had an accordion. "It is something like that old fire-bellows of your grandfather's," he explained. "You take hold of it on each side and pull it out and back again, and out and back, like this;" and he folded a piece of paper which lay on the floor and illustrated the method of working the accordion.

"But what is it for?" questioned puzzled Christie.

"Why, it makes music; you learn how to play it, you know; it has keys to it, and you learn which ones to touch, and play tunes."

"Real tunes, such as folks can sing?"

"I guess you can! Why, Elizabeth used to sit by the hour playing for us, and we would sing; real sweet music it was, too."

"Oh, my!" said Christie, and her eyes seemed almost as large as the little saucers she was drying.

"But they were pretty expensive things," said the mother warningly, mindful of the wistful light in her child's great eyes.

"Yes," said Father Tucker quickly. "Oh, I didn't say I thought this was one. I—was something that would make sounds, and nice ones, too. But it is not likely to be anything of that kind."

"Of course not," said Christie. "But, father, how much do you think one would cost?"

"Well," said Mr. Tucker, reflectively, "I remember how much that one cost, as well as if it were bought yesterday. I remember there being a good deal of talk about it; there might have been cheaper ones, but that cost twenty dollars."

"Oh, my!" said Christie again.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the next day at noon, or a trifle before, that the boxes arrived. The same good-natured men who had loaded down the parlor with furniture, appeared again, and one of them told Karl with a laugh, "he reckoned he must have found out by this time that Miss Christie Tucker lived here for sure, as she seemed to have a good many things coming to her, off and on."

But Karl was so amazed at the size of one of the boxes, that he had no answer ready for this hint at his former bewilderment. He stood dumb with astonishment, while the two men and the two helpers that they had brought with them, tugged and groaned and with the greatest difficulty lifted their burden.

"I don't know whether it is a meetin'-house or a new schoolhouse," declared one, "but it seems to me it is rather heavy for either."

The Tucker family were all at home, and had as much as they could do to keep out of the way of the men, and to wonder what the thing could be, and where it was to go, and whether, after all, there wasn't some mistake.

Don't expect me to go over in detail, all the excitements of the hours that followed Mother Tucker said afterwards, that she was sure she should go crazy if she had another day like it in her life; and it might have a bad effect on her to hear all about it.

All I can tell you about it is, that after much trial and much delay, and much running to the far lot for helpers, the thing was stood up and unpacked, and when it first showed its shining surface, Christie gave a queer little squeal and clasped her hands, and grew white even to her lips. "I thought as true as the world that ridiculous child was going to faint!" Her mother said, when she told off the strange doings to her friend the next day, fanning herself with her apron at the thought of it, though the day was cold. "I did really, and she don't know anything about such a thing, either. I never fainted in my life, and I don't mean she shall, if I can help it. But she turned that white, that I just reached out and snatched her, and it's my opinion if I hadn't, she would have tumbled right down in a heap! It seems she had some kind of a notion how a piano would look. She has dreamed about one, and talked about one, and asked me questions enough, until she had got an idea, and she knew the thing by hearing and imagination. She knew it was a piano the minute her father took the last covering off. But she had had no more idea of ever seeing one in our parlor, than she had of seeing a star there, not a bit more. Karl, now, isn't of that sort. He was excited enough, but at the same time he was quiet about it, and did not seem so dreadfully astonished.

"I really don't know what to make of that boy. He seems to have such queer ideas about things. 'I meant you should have one, some time,' he said to Christie, 'but I did not think it could be brought about so soon.' Christie does all the imagining, and she is first-rate at it, and Karl always seemed to stick to facts. But then, he has such extraordinary things that he calls facts come into his head! 'When you get your sewing machine, mother,' he said to me one day, 'will it sew overhand, do you think?' Now, I expect to have a sewing machine about as much as Christie expected a piano, and no more, and I told him so, and says he: 'That may be, but there's the piano setting there, you see, and the machine will come, you see if it don't.'"

The visitor knit twice around her stocking before she answered; then she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and said; "Well now, Mrs. Tucker, I shouldn't wonder if it would, and if that boy would get it for you one of these days. I do say that you are blessed in your children if ever a woman was."

So now the secret is out, and you know it was actually a piano that was set up in the Tucker parlor.

I took this way of telling you, because I really could not explain what Christie felt, or even what she said, though she said little enough.

In fact, her mother who was a little frightened about her, told her that she acted like a goose. The white look on her face lasted until her father called her to put her hand on the keys; and when she touched the gleaming things, thereby bringing forth such sounds as she had dreamed of in her little music-loving heart, but never heard, she looked up into her father's face, and the blood rolled up in great waves to the roots of her hair, and then what did she do but cry.

BEGINNING TO CRY.

Of course Nettie cried immediately and loudly. Tears on Christie's face were something unusual, and not to be borne without a protest. I don't know that it is any wonder that the startled mother said at this point: "Why, Christie, what does make you act so like a little goose?"

But Father Tucker put his great protecting arms around her and said: "Never mind, mother, she is kind of upset, and it ain't to be wondered at. Pianos don't grow on every potato lot, and our little girl never even saw one before, and this thing is hers, you know, and it is kind of too much."

(*To be Continued.*)

REATRE'S BROTHER NED.

Reatre Bronson sat in the large arm-chair in her brother Ned's room. She was arranging birthday cards, Easter cards, and Christmas greetings on a screen which she wished to finish before her brother Ned came home at night. Reatre was very fond and proud of Ned, and Ned had always seemed to be fond of her; but lately she had fancied that he didn't love her as well as he used to. He was not at home as much as he had formerly been. Although the loving sister disliked to harbor a thought against Ned, yet somehow she could not but admit to herself, as she sat alone that morning, that Ned was going wrong. Ned wasn't confidential with her any more, and he spoke slightingly so often of religion and good people. Indeed he had not been to church with her for over a month. And Ned seemed to have chosen a set of companions who were known in Reatre's little world as fast young men. She felt a great responsibility about Ned, as the dear mother before she went home to her Father's house had said to her: "Reatre, my child, do all you can to influence Ned to be good; there are a great many temptations in the outside world, and boys need to be hedged about with good home influences." She knew that her mother's last prayer was for Ned.

Reatre's father was a thorough business man; a money-making man. He was necessarily away from home a great portion of the time. He provided liberally for his two children, of whom he was very fond; but his mind was so pre-occupied with his business that he seldom looked into matters pertaining to their daily lives. . . . .

Reatre watched at the parlor window to see Ned coming up the street, but she waited a long, long time. It was an hour later than he usually came, and still another hour passed, and another. The evening meal was standing on the table untasted, for Reatre always waited for Ned. She began to grow very anxious; sad forebodings of some accident or evil to Ned filled her heart. She could not eat, and when it came bed-time, and Ned had not come, she could not go to sleep. But just after midnight she heard Ned's night-key in the latch, and she ran into the hall to give him her usual cheery welcome. But Ned pushed her away, and said quite harshly, "What are you up at this time of the night for, Reatre?"

"I sat up for you, Ned. I was afraid something had happened to you, and you know father is away, and I'd no one to send to look after you."

"You may just as well understand now, Reatre Bronson, that I am old enough to look after myself, and don't want any girl interfering with my comings and goings."

Ned had never spoken so before, and the tears filled Reatre's eyes as he passed by her and went upstairs to his room. A dreadful suspicion filled the sister's heart that Ned had been drinking; she was sure of it as she followed him up the stairs. "Oh, dear," she thought to herself, "If mamma could only have been spared to look after Ned. He would never speak so to her, she was always so kind, so tender toward him."

Reatre was a Christian; she believed in the living presence of the Lord, and when she went to her room she poured out her overburdened heart, and amid sobs and tears prayed that Ned might be turned from the wrong way into the right. . . . .

Ned Bronson was on very dangerous ground. He had taken the first steps on a downward path, and the first steps are those that tell. He was in bad company. His companions were those who influenced him in the wrong direction. They had false ideas of manhood, and sooner or later they would find that vices draw blanks, as surely as virtues draw prizes. The loss of purity, the loss of simplicity, the loss of honesty, are real losses. No one can gain by a vicious act; the loss is lasting. It is parting with a part of our soul.

Weeks passed by, and Ned was going more and more wrong. Reatre felt almost powerless to save him. She thought sometimes she would go and talk the matter over with the good pastor, who had baptized Ned when he was lying in his mother's arms. But that would be exposing Ned's faults; she felt that she could not speak a word of Ned's bad ways except to the Father in heaven. While Ned was going his own way, his sister was praying for him at home.

One evening, when Reatre had almost lost her faith that the Lord would save Ned, she heard the latch-key in the door. It was quite early for him to come home. She went into the hall to meet him, and as soon as he had taken off his overcoat, he put his arm around her, and without a word drew her into the sitting-room. "My dear, sweet sister!" he said, as he placed her in the chair in front of the open fire.

"Why Ned, dear, what has happened?" she exclaimed, for Ned looked so differently from what he had of late.

"I'll tell you," he said, taking her hand in his. "I've had a strange experience, Reatre. I haven't been doing right for some time, as you know. And to-night I went with some young men to a saloon to play billiards. I knew when I went I ought not to go, but I seemed to be bound to ruin myself. Somehow I couldn't say no. I knew when I got there I should be tempted to drink. I knew, too, that the influences around me would pull me down, instead of elevate me toward what was pure and good. As I stepped toward the door I heard a woman's voice singing—

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

It was mamma's hymn—you know she used to sing it so often. I'd forgotten it, but it sounded like her voice, and I can't tell you how I felt. It seemed as if mamma's hand was on my shoulder. It was so real to me, that I stopped and said, 'I can't go with you to-night, boys,' and I rushed away and came home. Oh, how mamma would have felt if she had known her boy would go so far wrong."

The remembrance of a mother's love and prayers and kindly admonitions filled the hearts of the two motherless children, and they mingled their tears together.

"With God's help, dear Reatre, I am going to live a better life. If I could only go back and retrace my steps now."

"We can never go back, dear Ned, but your experience will enable you to help others who are beginning to yield to temptation." "I wonder if my prayers did help dear Ned," thought Reatre, after she went to her room. "I know God heard dear mamma's prayers for us, and that He is watching over her motherless children. It was so pleasant to have Ned in the pew with her on Sunday, and to have him speak a word for Jesus, and what he could do for poor sinners, when he went to the young people's meeting, Monday evenings. "As long as I live," thought Reatre, "I will carry all my cares, and troubles, and wants right to Jesus, for He always hears and answers prayers. Dear mamma used to say that very often our prayers are answered in such different ways from what we plan or expect."—*New York Evangelist.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

She got over it after a while, and had only very rosy cheeks and bright eyes all the afternoon. The pretty music stool was unpacked and Christie mounted it, and drew forth such soft, sweet sounds from the wonderful instrument that her father said admiringly: "Well, I declare! I thought they had to spend months learning to play the piano, but I don't see but you make pretty music on it, without any learning."

It was that very afternoon that Lucius and Lucy Cox were to come to tea. "Enough in itself to upset a whole family," Mrs. Tucker said, "and when you added a piano, it was, as Father Tucker said, 'too much.'" But that afternoon is the very thing that you must hear about.

The first one who came was Wells Burton. "I didn't mean to come so early, for fear I should be in the way," he explained, "but it is lonesome enough at home. My mother was hindered from coming home yesterday, my brother isn't so well, and father has been delayed by a freshet, and everything was disappointing and dismal, so I ran away. I would have gone into town this morning if it had not been for the warmed-up potatoes, you know, and other things. Besides, I was in a hurry to see something that I knew had come."

"Oh," said Christie, her eyes aglow, "do you know about it? Did you know before? Come in quick and see it. I don't know what to think nor to do.

"What you must do is to take music lessons, and make the thing talk to you," Wells said, walking into the bright little parlor, and going up to the great shining beauty which seemed to the rest of the family to fill all the space in the room. Wells seemed in no wise amazed at its appearance, called it a "neat little thing," drew out the music stool, adjusted it to the right height with great deliberation, and then seating himself, whirled his fingers over the keys in a fashion that almost took Christie's breath away. The sounds that he produced were quite unlike those which Christie had made. Even Father Tucker in the kitchen, wiping his great brown hands on the great brown towel felt that, and stopped and listened and nodded his head, and said: "That is music, eh, mother! Our girl must make it go like that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, "that is music; just think of that boy being able to play like that!"

There was a worried look in her eyes, and after a moment's silence she added: "That will be the next thing. The child will want to learn, and she will be crazy to, I can see it in her eyes, and how is she ever going to do it? Music lessons cost a sight of money, even East, and of course they are worse out here, everything is. And you know, Jonas, we might as well try to have her fly and be done with it, as to give her a chance to take music lessons."

Her father laughed. "I should as soon have tried to fly myself as to get her a piano, and yet there the thing is, and she is playing on it; there's no tellin' what may come, in this world, I've given up trying. We must talk with the minister about it. There may be some kind of a way of turning work. Who knows!"

But the troubled look did not go out of the mother's eyes. "There's another thing," she said, as she laid the spoons she had been polishing, in a shining heap on the white table. "Jonas, don't it seem wonderful strange to you that they should send her such a great big present as that? Why, pianos cost almost a fortune. And that is a good toned one, I remember the one at grandfather's well enough to know that. I don't see but it sounds every bit as good as the one at uncle Daniel's, and to send it to a stranger and a little girl! I don't understand it, and sometimes it doesn't seem quite the thing for us to let her take such things as a matter of course and say nothing."

"Well, now," Father Tucker said, taking his wet head out of the shining wash basin and beginning to polish his face on the towel, "there's two ways of looking at things. In one sense it is a big present, and a wonderful thing to happen to a little girl like Christie; and in another sense, how do you suppose it compares with that baby of hers that Christie took care of? I don't say but that it would have got taken care of somehow if Christie hadn't been there, though there didn't seem to be a great many people of sense to depend upon that day, besides Christie; anyhow, she was the one did it, and did it well, and while she didn't do it for pay, nor expect pay, still, I suppose it was an awful day to the mother; and if I was rich, and it was our baby, seems to me I wouldn't consider even a piano very great things when it came to showing what I thought of my baby."

"Well," said Mother Tucker reflectively, "that way of looking at it does make a difference, to be sure. What are forty pianos compared with a baby?"

Meantime, in the front room, the same thing was being talked about from a different stand-point. "Did you ever hear of people doing such a wonderful thing?" This was the question that Christie asked of Wells. He let the music soften, so he could answer.

"Why, it was a nice thing, and I rather like my lady for thinking of it. It is the first time I have forgiven her for leaving her baby and spoiling our day, but on the whole I am glad now that she did it. But as to being wonderful, it was natural enough. Her husband is a piano dealer; they have a great warehouse on Pearl street full of pianos, of all sorts and sizes, and when she heard that you liked music, and wanted to see a piano, what was more reasonable than to suppose that you would like one of your own?"

"How did she know that Christie wanted to see a piano?" asked Karl, who was watching this entire conversation with the greatest interest.

"Why, you see, we spent quite a long day together when we went our journey, and we talked about a good many things, pianos among the rest, and I suppose somebody happened to mention to her something that Christie said. Look here, let me play this *Rain Dance* for you, and you listen and see if you can't hear the drops patter!"

There were reasons why Wells did not want that subject looked into any farther, so he bewitched them with the raindrops.

During the playing, the door opened softly, and there came in Lucy and Lucius Cox. I wish I had photographs of them for you. They had been all day getting ready to make a good appearance. Lucy had not only combed her black hair, but banged it, and the straight locks hung down over her eyebrows, straight into her eyes, so that she winked and blinked continually. Her brown calico dress was soiled and torn, but she had pinned the torn place as well as she could, and then tried to cover its defects with a bit of very soiled, very faded pink ribbon which she had knotted up and fastened over it, and as the rent was halfway down the skirt on the left side, towards the back breadth, you may imagine how she looked. Face and hands, however, were clean, and poor Lucy having put on an old-fashioned linen collar of her mother's, that had not been used in seven years, nor washed, had done all that she could to honor the great day. Such efforts were beyond Lucius; but he, too, had combed his hair, and washed his face and hands, and tied his shoes with green strings, and although his clothes needed washing and patching, on the whole, he looked better than Karl had feared.

Christie turned toward them timidly, and glanced in great doubt and distress from them to Wells. He did not know them, and she had a dim idea that they ought to be introduced, but how was it to be done, and what would he say?

"I am glad you have come," she said gently. "Will you sit down:" Now what should she say? "This is Mr. Wells Burton?" And if she did, what would they say, or would he notice them?

He did not give her long to study the question. He swung himself from the piano stool and went towards the staring children. "How are you, Lucius?" he said, nodding pleasantly, as though they had visited together all their lives. "So this is your little sister Lucy. Why, Lucius, how far ahead of her you have grown! Aren't you just the same age?" Lucius nodded.

"And yet you are a head taller! That's good. I always like to see a boy taller than a girl. He can take care of her better. How old are you, Lucy? Ten? I had a little sister once who would be just your age now if she had lived. Her name was Lorine. Well, what are we going to do first?"

LUCIUS AND LUCY COX.

"What's that?" asked Lucy, pointing her small thin finger at the shining case of the piano.

"That," said Wells, "*is a music box.* It plays any tune that you have a mind to make it. Do you want to hear it?" He seated himself again on the music stool, and the group closed in around him, while he rushed through waltzes and marches, and snatches of tunes which he hummed and whistled. Christie in her delight and relief almost forgot that she was hostess and had the great care of entertaining the Cox children on her heart. Indeed, from that moment she had no need to feel it a burden. Wells gave himself to the work with such zeal and success, telling stories, singing songs, playing tunes, answering questions, that, when promptly at five o'clock Mr. Keith made his appearance, he found the five young people well acquainted and apparently entirely satisfied with one another.

There was no denying that both Lucius and Lucy were a good deal startled at the coming of the minister. They knew him by sight, and had scud over the fields in alarm many a time to avoid speaking to him, or rather having him speak to them, but, finding that he took very little notice of them, that the others were glad to see him, and that he gave most of his attention to the new piano, they settled down, the startled look going out of their eyes, and I don't think either of them know just when they began to join in the talk, and even answer the minister's questions, without feeling afraid.

And now the supper was ready. That wonderful supper, the like of which the Cox children had never seen. How their plates were heaped with the warmed-up potatoes, what dishes of hot apple sauce did they make away with! And as for the bread, Christie had as much as she could do to keep from looking her astonishment, for though the visitors were frightened at the idea of sitting down to a table covered with a white cloth, and using knife and fork, yet the taste of the food had overcome their timidity to such an extent that they gave themselves up to the joy of eating and having enough.

(*To be Continued.*)

GIVING UP TOBACCO.

Rev. Sam Jones and Rev. Sam Small, during their late memorable mission in Chicago, gave added evidence of their consecration and sincerity by publicly renouncing the tobacco habit. In one of his sermons, to an immense audience, he referred to his "Brother Small" and tobacco as follows:

"My good friends say the use of tobacco is a sin, and therefore, I am happy to announce to the audience that before breakfast Sunday morning Brother Small put all of his stock in his hand, threw it on the grate, and burned the whole thing up. (Applause.) He has thrown it to the wind for ever. He will never do that any more. I said to him: 'Have you quit to stay?' 'Yes.' Says I: 'Old fellow, tell me why, won't you?' 'Well,' he said, 'Brother Jones, I didn't quit because I believed it was a sin; but they kept after me about it until I got resentful, and I said I won't perpetuate anything in my mind that will make me resentful toward people, and I have given it up for ever.' As soon as I ever have that sort of a feeling in my heart I am going to give it up, too. (Laughter and applause, Dr. Scudder saying: 'Give it up anyhow.') Nothing shall stand between me and love to God and love to men. I would run over anything in earth or heaven that would make me feel unkind toward any human being in this world. If anything harms you or hurts you, give it up. I believe Mr. Moody told the biggest truth of his life when he said a man who used tobacco could be a Christian, but he would be a nasty Christian."

A little later, in a Sunday morning discourse, Mr. Jones announced that he, too, had given up tobacco, and said:

"Down in my country I have never been in a soul's way that I know of. In a hundred different instances I have been notified that a habit that I was given to is a stumbling-block to souls in this city, and I want to say to this congregation to-night, from this day till we meet up in heaven, you can tell this world that Sam Jones has got no habit that is a stumbling block to anybody. For your prayers and for your sympathy I am grateful, and if I don't do any good in Chicago let Chicago thank God Almighty she has done the poor little pale Southern preacher some good for the balance of his life."

It would be a great gain and safeguard, especially for young men, if all tobacco-using ministers would follow the praiseworthy example of these Southern evangelists. *Temperance Advocate.*

THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, Mr. W. C. Macready, said: "None of my children shall ever, with my consent or on any pretence, enter a theatre or have any visiting connection with actors or actresses." When such men think the place too vile for their children, is it not time Christians cease to apologize for it? Is it not time we cease talking about the ideal theatre, when it does not and never has existed? Is it not high time when an actor, a man whose sympathy should be with the institution, finds that it is so low and base he will not let his children enter a theatre under any circumstances?—is it not high time, I say, that Christians tell their children they must not go?

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

a lady of lower rank. Her subjects think it so important to them, that it has to be arranged for her. A great many princes were proposed to her on all sides. Ambassadors hurried here and there, and there were scores of important state consultations and court gossips on the subject; all the great people in England, and in the Court of France, and of Spain, and a great many less important ones, laying their crowned and coroneted heads together, and plotting or wondering whom the Queen of Scots was to marry.

At last, however, there was suggested to her, in secret, the very worst match of all. There was a certain young Lord Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox, a Scottish nobleman who had been banished to England, who was nearly related to both the royal families. He was neither great enough, nor wise enough, nor even old enough to be the husband of the Queen of Scots, and all the best authorities were opposed to him. But Queen Mary saw him, and took a sudden fancy to the handsome and pleasant youth. And they were married, therefore, on the 29th of July, 1565, in the chapel of Holyrood.

Little cared the pair, for the moment, who quarrelled and who disapproved. The Queen pleased herself, as people say. Once more she had her way, but paid bitterly for it afterwards, as self-willed people so often do.

For this young Darnley, whom she so loved and honored, to whom she had given the name of king, as he was a Stuart and of royal blood like herself, and for whom she had displeased so many of her friends, was as self-willed and not nearly as wise as Mary herself. He was younger by three years than she; he was merely a handsome boy, while she was a woman, full of intellect, intelligence, and high spirit. She had very much more character than he had; and she had been brought up to understand state affairs and do state business, but he had not. He did not even respect the high position of the lady who had done so much for him, but was ill-tempered and rude to her, as men in all ranks often are to their wives; neglected her at one time, and at another teased her with demands for more power and authority, and showed himself to be quite unworthy of the position in which her love had placed him, and in six months they were as far apart as if they had been strangers. The queen had much on her hands at this time. Some of her great nobles, and especially her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, had rebelled against her after her marriage, and she herself had ridden at the head of her army and had subdued the rebels.

But success turned her head, and she began to dream of restoring the Catholic faith, and even of marching to London and overthrowing Elizabeth, and taking possession of the English crown, her rightful inheritance, as she believed. In these schemes she was helped and pushed on by her Italian secretary, David Rizzio, who had been recommended to her by her relations in France, and who knew all the plans of the Catholic party. But the people about the court hated him, some of them out of mere jealousy, some because they knew or suspected that he had great schemes in his mind, and was a dangerous plotter against the reformed faith. Darnley was the chief of those who were jealous of Rizzio. One evening Queen Mary was in her cabinet at supper, fearing no evil. She had her half-sister with her, the Countess of Argyle; a half-brother, and several others of her household, and among them Rizzio. When the supper was half over, Darnley, the king, as he was called, came in by a private passage, which led from his room to Mary's. Then, a few minutes after, came Lord Ruthven, the chief of the conspirators, and a number of others, armed and angry.

Mary, who feared no man, at once asked Ruthven what was his business there and who had let him in, and ordered him to leave her presence. Ruthven made a haughty answer, and said he had come to drag Rizzio from her presence.

"Madame, save my life!" cried David, clinging to her dress. But the murderers forced the clinging hands of their victim loose from the clothing of the queen, and dragged him roughly out of her presence. Darnley himself holding her that she might do nothing further in behalf of the poor Italian, who was killed at the door of the adjoining room, in her hearing, if not in her sight. Then his body, mangled with many wounds, was thrown out of the window into the court-yard below. Then the conspirators had possession of the palace, and Mary was a prisoner in their hands.

This outrage was the beginning of all the darker side of her life. Next morning, Mary began another existence. She was in the hands of her deadly enemies. The only way in which she could get free was by flattering and deceiving them.

When the morning dawned, and the king, miserable wretch that he was, the poor traitor and murderer Darnley, went into Mary's room, she began at once the new part which she felt it necessary to play. She humbled herself before him, flattered him and roused his pity, and at last worked upon him so far that he undertook, with the conspirators, to answer for her that she would not punish them for what they had done, but would sign an indemnity and pardon, and forget all that had occurred, if they would withdraw and leave her undisturbed. They consented to do so reluctantly, with very little faith in the promises made them, feeling themselves betrayed as Mary had been, and by the same hand. It was on the Saturday evening that Rizzio had been murdered. On Monday Ruthven and all the rest withdrew from Holyrood sullenly with their men, leaving Mary under the guardianship of her false and foolish husband. At midnight, on the same night, her bold heart revived by the first chance of liberty, Mary left the defenseless walls of Holyrood, and, accompanied by Darnley and the Captain of her guard, rode off secretly, flying through the dark and cold March night to the castle of Dunbar, and was soon at the head of Public affairs once more. She called her faithful nobles about her at Dunbar, and quickly collected an army, before which the conspirators fled, and she once more entered Edinburgh in triumph.

A few months later, their only child, James, who was afterward James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, was born in a little room in Stirling Castle. It was a strongly fortified place, and only in such a castle could the Queen of Scotland hope to be safe, she and her baby, from the fierce bands that were roaming the country. Armed men, angry faces, and drawn swords might soon have surrounded her if she had been in the more commodious rooms of Holyrood.

Now all was dark and terrible before this unhappy queen. Not long before, she had recalled from exile a young nobleman, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was a man as brave and daring as herself, fond of pleasure as she was, full of resolution and boldness,—not a weak youth, like Darnley, but a bold and strong man.

And here begins the question which has disturbed historians ever since, and still makes people angry in argument, almost as ready to fight for Mary, or against her, as when she was a living woman. Some say that Mary and Bothwell loved each other, and that from this time it became the great object of both to get rid of Darnley, in order that they might marry; while others tell us that Mary was innocent both of loving Bothwell, and of desiring to procure her husband's removal, and that it was Bothwell alone that was guilty. I can not clear up this question for you. I do not think Mary was innocent; and yet I can not believe that she was so guilty as some think her. But her nobles, among whom were some of the conspirators she had pardoned, began to pity the unhappy queen; and there was a proposal made to her to get a divorce, and so be free of the husband who was her worst enemy. She did not accept this proposal, but neither did she reject it. But this is the history that followed; Darnley fell ill at Glasgow, where he then was. He had small-pox, which, you know, is a dangerous and dreadful disease. Mary had been altogether estranged from him, and had not seen him for a long time; but when he was getting better she went to him suddenly, without any warning and became reconciled to him. They mutually promised to each other that all was to be with them as at first, as soon as Darnley should be well enough to resume his usual life. In the interval, he was to be brought back to Edinburgh, but not to Holyrood, lest the little prince should take small-pox from his father, but to an airy and open place, just outside the gates of Edinburgh. Mary slept in a room immediately below that of her husband, with a staircase between them, which was left open and unprotected. For was not the queen the guardian of the invalid?

One night, the Sunday after his arrival, Mary, who was with Darnley, suddenly recollected that she must go back to Holyrood, to the marriage supper of one of her servants and left the sick man lonely and alarmed in his room with his page. What happened in the darkness of that night is imperfectly known. A number of Bothwell's men were in full possession of the house, occupying the room which Mary had left vacant. Darnley went to bed and fell asleep, with these enemies under the same roof; but woke by and by, and stumbled to the door in the darkness, where he was seized and strangled, he and his page, and their bodies were thrown into the garden. Then there was a blaze of light, an explosion, and the house was blown up to conceal the secret crime. But the bodies were found unharmed next morning, notwithstanding this precaution; the secret was not one that could be hid.

You may imagine what a tumult and confusion was in Edinburgh next morning, when the dreadful news was known. Everybody had heard the explosion, and the people were wild with excitement. Mary shut herself up in Holyrood, as if overwhelmed with grief, and saw nobody but Bothwell, to whom every suspicion pointed as the murderer and the horror and suspicion ran like fire through all the courts of Europe. Wherever the story was told, Mary was suspected. Everywhere, from England, from France, from her own kingdom, entreaties came to her to investigate the murder, but it was not until a month after that she would do anything. Then there was a mock trial of Bothwell, before a jury of his partisans, where no one dared to bring evidence against him, and he was acquitted shamefully.

Three months after Darnley's death, Mary married his murderer. Poor Mary! She was as much disappointed in Bothwell as she had been in Darnley. The one was too feeble and too fickle to be worth her consideration, the other was harsh and cruel, and treated her like a master from their wedding-day. And now everybody was against her,—Elizabeth of England, the king of France, all her relations and allies; and, within a month, all Scotland was roused in horror of her and her new husband. She summoned her forces round her, an appeal which always, heretofore, had placed her at the head of a gallant army; but this time no one heeded the summons; and she had to flee in disguise from one castle to another, in order to escape the hands of her revolted nobles. Some little time after Bothwell and she had a last interview apart. They took leave of each other "with great anguish and grief"; they had been a month married, and it was for this that they had shown themselves monsters of falsehood and cruelty before all the world. They parted there and then for the last time. Bothwell rode away with half a dozen followers, and Mary gave herself up into the hands of those nobles who had opposed her so often, who had been overcome so often by her, but who now were the victors in their turn. She was taken to Holyrood, not as a queen, but as a criminal, surrounded by frowning faces and cries of insult. Thence she was sent a prisoner to the castle of Lochleven.

She remained about a year in Lochleven, suffering all kinds of indignities; was forced to sign her abdication, and was allowed no communication with her friends save when she could, by elaborate artifices, elude the vigilance of her gaolers; but at last, in May, 1568, she escaped with one small page, a boy of sixteen, who rowed her across the lake to where her friends awaited her.

In a moment she was again the Mary of old, with courage undaunted, and hope that was above all her troubles. She rode all through the summer night to Niddry Castle, knowing neither fatigue nor fear; and there issued a proclamation, and called, as so often before, her nobles round her. This time many answered the call, and she was soon riding in high hope at the head of a little army. But the Regent Murray, on the other side,—who was a wise and great statesman,—collecting a large force, hurried after her, and at once gave battle. Soon, it became apparent that Mary's day was over. Her army was defeated, her followers dispersed. She herself, thinking it better to take refuge with her cousin Elizabeth, in England, than to fall once more into the hands of her enemies at home, crossed the Border and there ended all her hopes. She was promised hospitality and help. She found a prison, or rather a succession of prisons, and death.

You must remember, at the same time, that it was very difficult for the English government to know what to do with this imprisoned queen. Had Elizabeth died, Mary was the next heir, and she was a woman accused by her own subjects of terrible crimes. And she was a Catholic, who would have thrown the whole country into commotion, and risked everything to restore the Catholic faith. If they had let her go free, she would have raised the Continent and all the Catholic powers against the peace of England. In every way she was a danger. At last, after twenty years, Elizabeth pronounced against this dangerous guest, this heiress whom she feared, this cousin whom she had never seen.

Mary was removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, and there tried for conspiring against Elizabeth, and trying to embroil the kingdom and she was found guilty. She appealed to the queen; but of all unlikely things there was none so unlikely as that Elizabeth should consent to see or hear her kinswoman. After her condemnation, however, a considerable time elapsed before Elizabeth would give the final order for her execution. It was sent at last, arriving suddenly one morning in the gloomy month of February.

Nothing is more noble and touching than the story of her end. She thought of every one as she stood there smiling and looking death in the face; made her will, provided for her poor servants who loved her, sent tender messages to her friends, and then laid down her beautiful head, still beautiful, through all those years and troubles, upon the block, and died. It was on the 8th of February, 1587, almost on the twentieth anniversary of that cruel murder of her husband, which had been the beginning of all her woes.

Thus died one of the most beautiful and renowned, one of the ablest and bravest, and perhaps the most unfortunate, beyond comparison, of queens. A queen in her cradle, an orphan from her youth, every gift of fortune bestowed upon her, but no happiness, no true guidance, no companion in her life. The times in which she was born, and the training she had, and the qualities she inherited, may account for many of her faults; but nothing can ever take away the interest with which people hear of her, and see her pictures, and read her story. Had she been a spotless and true woman, she might have been one of the greatest in history; but in this, as in everything else, what is evil crushes and ruins what is great. As it is, no one can think of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, but with interest and sympathy, and there are many in the world, and especially in Scotland, who even now, three hundred years after her death, are almost as ready to fight for her as were the men among whom she lived and on whom she smiled.—*Condensed from St. Nicholas.*

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